

T H F

Proud Squire Reformed

Being A great Example to

RICH and POOR ;

In an Account of one Squire HOWARD, living near the Town of Charn, in Somersetshire.

Of his being in a Grove, and seeing at a Distance a labouring Man, by the Side of a Brook, eating Bread and drinking Water, to satisfy his Hunger and Thirst, and then returned Tanks to God for it.

L I K E W I S E,

An Account of the poor Man's Death, and the strange Manner of the Squire's Reformation ; who on returning homewards, heard a great Noise, and an Angel appearing told him, The richest Man in the Parish should die that Night ; and of the Leaves dropping off the Trees, and the Grass withering away.

Of which several sufficient Persons in the said Parish can testify the Truth

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T H E

Proud Squire Reformed

OF all the Poems I have heard of late,
 To mind us of our change and future state.
 The subject which I now am to unfold,
 Is worthy to be penn'd in lines of Gold.

It is concerning one Squire HOWARD,
 A man of great possession, very proud ;
 Pride and Ambition to in him did reign,
 All that were poor held in great disdain.

If any one of mean degree past by,
 Upon him he would cast a scornful eye ;
 And with dismal frowns sharp speeches had,
 Which made the poor to tremble and look sad,

Great lofty thoughts within his breast did swell
 Thinking himself a man who did excel
 All other men for riches in the town,
 Where many liv'd besides of great renown.

Near to his house he had a pleasant grove,
 Where every day he took his walkes, and lov'd
 To view the stately trees that grew therein,
 And hearing the chearful birds most sweetly sin

One day as he was walking in that place,
 An object did appear before his face,
 A labouring man with a brown crust of bread,
 Came to a brook where heartily he fed.



Then after this he drank of the clear brook,
 Then off his hat the labouring man he took;
 Returning thanks unto the God of Heaven,
 Who had to him this bread and water given.

This having done, like one fill'd with content,
 Unto his work this labouring man he went:
 Leaving this proud man in his grove to stay,
 Who on a sudden heard a voice to say,

“ The greatest soul that lives upon the earth,

" When God sees fit, he must resign his breath
 " The greatest man that to this town belong,
 " Must die this night tho' now in health and strong.

Hearing these words, this lofty man he took
 This on himself, and with a mournful look,
 With trembling joints like one that was half dead,
 Returned home, and went unto his bed.



Telling his wife and children of this thing,
 Who at the news in tears their hands did wring;
 They watch'd him all night, and when it was day,
 Alive in health before them there he lay.

Being rose up, the great bell of the town
 Began to ring, and hearing of the sound,
 He said, Who's dead, make haste, go ask and see,

That I may know who richer is than me.

At his command a servant out did go,
 Who soon returned back, and let him know,
 That one John Smith a labouring man was dead,
 Whoin his fight on bread and water fed.



If he is gone, the master then reply'd,
 And was the richest man. I'm satisfy'd,
 That with a wounded spirit say I can,
 That I must surely be the poorest man.

Ah! cursed pomp, and gaudy rich attire,
 And heaps of gold, which I so much admire;
 Minding these my soul I did forget,
 Like one that slighted grace, and wanted wit.

'Tis hard to think I live thus like a fool,
 To banish reason and let folly rule
 Thus over me to prize earths fading store:
 Tho' great possessions, yet a man that's poor.

Those creatures that do daily beg their bred,
 They are not filled like me with fear and dread,
 They with content are in a rich condition,
 While I with groans am poor thro' great ambition.

In pride's vain chamber I'll no longer lurk,
 'Tis time for me for to begin to work;
 For while my soul is poor, I must be doing,
 If possible for to prevent my ruin,

The only work upon the earth for me,
 To help my soul, it must be CHARITY:
 A very wholesome salve to help my heart,
 Which thro' my sins with beeding wounds do smart.

Ah! happy voice, that by the smiles of fate,
 Gave me this CALL before it was too late;
 For I was running headlong in the lake.
 Where damned sons sad hedious bries do make.

I from this time in mourning will appear,
 Leaving myself but fifty pounds a year—
 To live upon, the rest I'll freely give
 Unto the parish poor whilst I do live.

Now

Now this proud mortal, who had much in store
 And was a man who did despise the poor;
 He is reformed and of his soul takes care,
 Feeding and cloathing of the poor and bare.

Now to conclude, Lord give us grace that we
 May still be mindful of etern ty;
 Making provision for a futur estate,
 Lest we repent in tears when 'tis too late.

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